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By RUSSELL EATON.  
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## MAINE FARMER.



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

"Leafy June."

It is an old saying, and it has much truth in it, that "Man made the town and God made the country." That being the case, it would not trouble one much, we presume, to say which was the most beautiful and pleasant. The country has now put on the livery of summer, and adorned itself with all the honors and ornaments of "Leafy June." The more lover of nature will look upon the landscape before him as a beautiful and charming view, combining all the riches and lovely touches which render such scenes charming, and stir up the heart to admiration of the works of God. But the farmer, however well he may like to indulge in the reveries which a taste for such things excite, must take a more practical and matter-of-fact view of what is before him, and ask "how are the crops?"

The past months of April and May have been cold, windy and cheerless, and of course vegetation is backward.

We have had a very full bloom of the apple trees, and the warm days which came upon us during the period of bloom probably matured the pollen very well, but on the fifth of this month we were visited, in this vicinity, by a young tornado, which strip the trees of every "flowered" in a twinkling—whether this sudden exit of their beauty will be a damage or not, time will determine. It is probable that some trees that were somewhat late in blooming, may not have ripened their pollen so thoroughly as a perfect impregnation of the germs would require, and will therefore be fruitless. Grain came up well and looks very well and hearty. Indian corn also looks well—that is, what there is above-ground to look. Grass does not promise quite such an abundant crop of hay as we had last year, and it will be later in the cutting. Many old fields and some new ones were injured by the winter. The warm weather and the seasonal showers are bringing it forward very well, and we shall probably have a fair crop. Potatoes are not yet sufficiently advanced to enable us to hazard a guess in regard to them. There have been a great many planted, and some are planting even yet.

M. A. Pembroke, May. [Old Colony Memorial.]

### Cutting Grass for Hay.

We find in the Albany Cultivator some notes of an interesting conversation had at the Seventh Agricultural Meeting held in that city, from which we extract such part as relates to the cutting of grass for hay.

We can do no less than commend to readers the remarks of brother Howard of the Cultivator—the same being sound, both practically and scientifically considered. [N. Y. Farmer.]

Mr. Bement said he had formerly been in the habit of cutting timothy grass quite late. It was easier cut after it got pretty ripe. But he found in using hay thus cut, that it wanted substance, and he had ascertained that the best time for cutting was while the grass was in blossom.

Mr. Howard was aware that there were different opinions as to the proper stage for cutting grass; but he thought the observance of certain principles might afford a guide in the case. For example, the stems of grasses were filled just before the formation of the seed, with a starchy or saccharine substance. In perfecting the seed, the stems were exhausted of this substance, it being consumed in forming seed. Now if the herbage is the object, the plant should be cut before the nutrient has passed from the stems. If seed is the object, the plant must of course be allowed to attain a good degree of maturity. Hay made from ripe grass may "go farther," or "stand better," as the argument is; and it is admitted that this may be true, for animals are less inclined to eat it; but this is not proof that it is more nutritive.

Mr. Tribon is satisfied that salt will destroy the common worms that infest our gardens and fields; it may be that common may be applied to kill every worm in a garden, if it is sown in September, when it will not be likely to injure vegetation.

[Mass. Ploughman.]

### Preparation of Muck.

We have before spoken of a visit to Staten Island, yet we have a few remarks to make in relation to the preparation of muck. Practice says that slacked lime does not hasten the rotting of vegetable matter, neither does it produce heat in a compost heap. The truth of this we found verified upon the island, in a heap formed *stratum super stratum*—muck and lime in alternate layers. The lime had not heated the heap, neither had it tended to hasten decomposition; nor were we surprised at such result.

Upon inspection a layer of muck, some fifteen inches deep, and perfectly unchanged, was covered with a layer of lime six or seven inches deep—saturated with water and formed into a horizontal plaster wall, resting on which was another layer of muck, likewise unchanged. The lime was being overhauled, and we trust that it may lead the farmer to realize that in such management time and labor are completely thrown away, and much harm is done to agriculture by affording foundation for contradictory experience. We hope the overhauled will cause some heat in the heap, and some decomposition, in order that the character of the lime may be redeemed, and its properties and effects under proper management fully realized. Lime is cold, yet it is termed hot. Heat is liberated from water when combining with lime, and heat is liberated from fruit trees. It is better to let large ones remain, even if they are too thick together, than to let them off. We only hasten the decay of a tree by cutting away the large limbs.

Timber will decay under three conditions: first, by being moist under a free circulation of air; second, when subjected to the action of gases, and shot out from the air; third, in water, when in contact with vegetable putrefying matter. Timber kept dry in a free circulation of air, would never decay.

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### Washington's Snuff Box.

We have in our possession, at this time, a large gold snuff box, which was once the property of General Washington; it is made of very fine gold, richly chased and ornamented on all sides, and bears evidence of the taste of the age when it was constructed.—Upon the inside of the lid the following inscription is engraved:

"This Box was PRESENTED  
BY  
LORD ELLENBOROUGH  
TO  
GEORGE WASHINGTON."

The history of the box may be told in a very few words. It appears that Lord Ellenborough had a brother, who arrived in this country soon after the close of the Revolutionary war. He took up his residence, first in Philadelphia, and afterwards in Washington, in both of which places he received the marked attention of General Washington. Subsequently, he was taken ill, and died in this country. During his illness, it is said, the kindest attentions of General Washington were proffered and accepted; and, after his death, the body was carefully preserved, by General Washington's orders, until it was sent for to be conveyed to England.

Lord Ellenborough was filled with regret at the intelligence of his brother's death, and adopted all means to ascertain the extent of his sufferings, and what attention he received. Learning through various sources the kindness which had been extended to his deceased brother by General Washington, he caused the snuff box to be made and sent to him, with many expressions of gratitude.

The box descended to some of Washington's heirs, and passed through several hands, by which its history is fully and authentically traced, until it came into the possession of an aged widow lady, residing in Virginia. At a time when the Colonization Society was making great efforts to liberate the slaves of this country, and transmit them to Africa, this old lady came forward and presented the Society with the box, desiring that it might be sold to some members of the Society, and the avails appropriated to their objects. This was done, the box bringing between three and four hundred dollars. It was bought by an eminent judge of Connecticut, at the suggestion of the Rev. Walter Colton, who was at the time acting in some official capacity in the Colonization Society. The box is still the property of the original purchaser, and as it is a matter of great curiosity, we shall take pleasure in affording any of our friends a pinch of snuff from it, who have a desire to examine it, and will take the trouble to call at our office, where it can be seen. [N. Y. Emporium.]

### The Poor and the Rich.

If we were to consider with what painful labour the poor earn their daily bread, we should feel ashamed of our own insatiable desires. The cruel contrast in the circumstances of the human community has some shades so dark that it is difficult to find a ray of retribution bright enough to dispel them. As long

as human society has existed, at all times in every form, under the greatest diversity of circumstances, there have arisen philanthropists world-betterers, men full of moral and religious ideas, who have labored hard to remove this inequality; but their efforts have been all experimental. As soon as the circle widens, in space as well as in time, equality ceases; sinking back on the one hand into the oppression of want, on the other into the fullness of enjoyment, and generally leaving *necessity* as the only bond of union between the two opposite poles of human existence. The poor must earn a living; the rich must live at their ease. But alas! this bond is not what it ought to be between men who have all the same immortal soul; a little more kindness of feeling, a little more sympathy would do no harm. The poor man is rude; how should he be otherwise? He lives beneath an unfriendly sky, in a rude dwelling, and on hard bread; will this make him mild and gentle? But we who enjoy carpets and cushions, and all sorts of material and spiritual luxuries—why are we so rude to him? Why do we treat him as a creature whom we may satisfy with a penny, just as we throw a bone to a dog? In countries where civilization is highest, this chasm is the widest; and I sometimes ask myself whether, in general, civilization means any thing else than the tendency and ability to drive the extreme poles of human society to the greatest possible distance from each other, and keep them there, hovering over the abyss, till they shall be forced to make a bridge across, and come together on different terms. What these terms are no one has yet discovered! Perhaps this discovery is the secret problem of our deliberating, all-investigating, all-rejecting, unsettled, uncomfortable time—and, perhaps it is so unsettled for this reason, that it does not feel itself equal to the solution of its problem.—[Travels in Sweden.]

### Anekdote.

We find the following curious *hit* at the Lord Bishops of England, in an old newspaper, published in Boston, some seventy-five years ago. It was evidently from the pen of one who inherited from his patriotic ancestors unpleasant feelings towards the Established Church.

When Sir Robert Walpole began to manifest symptoms of declining power, the first of his old friends who shrunk from him were the Bishops. Having, however, a question to carry in the House of Lords, to the success of which the Episcopal votes were essentially requisite, he applied to his firm and faithful friend, the Archbishop of York, to assist him in procuring the support of the Right Rev. Bench. The Prelate shook his head when the Minister urged the necessity of personal application. My good friend, said he, there is but one way to proceed with my Right Rev. brethren, and you may be assured I will put it in practice. Trouble yourself not further about the matter, and be as secure of their votes as if they had already given them. The Minister went away perfectly satisfied, and the Archbishop took immediately to his bed, ordered the knocker to be tied up, the street to be covered with straw, and desired his confidential physician to intiate, by shrugs of his shoulders and shakes of his head, that he was in very great danger. The sickness of the Archbishop was soon known—the Archepiscopal mite danced before the Right Rev. Bench—the Bishops returned to Ministerial duty.—Sir Robert Walpole gained his point—and the sick Archbishop on being informed of his success, immediately quitted his sick bed in order to dine with the Minister, and laughed in their sleeves at the trick they had put upon *lawn sleeves*.

\* [Boston Journal.]

## Maine Farmer.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1815.

**Probate Notices.** Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in Kennebec County, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

**Job Work,** of all kinds, as neatly executed, and at as fair rates, as at the Farmer Office, as at any other establishment this side of the "City of Nations." Fancy jobs, printed with all the different colored inks.

### Death of General Jackson.

We stop the press this (Wednesday) morning to announce the death of Ex-President Jackson. He expired at 6 o'clock, on the 8th of June, after taking an affectionate farewell of his family and friends.

Peace to his ashes!

### Unreasonable Complaints.

There are too many persons in the community who would render themselves and those about them unhappy, by an inveterate habit of complaining of the past and foreboding evil for the future. To them, the weather is always unpropitious—too wet or too dry, too hot or too cold. Every day—every change has its note of murmuring. Such persons speak as if they regarded all the wise dispensations of a merciful Providence, as the devices of an enemy, calculated only to work them injury. We have had two weeks of warm, dry weather—what say you, neighbor Grumble? "Oppressively hot—cannot work with any comfort—cannot work my cattle. The ground is all parched up—vegetation suffers tremendously. We shall have no hay this year—pastures will fail—cattle will starve! Never knew it so dry and hot before at this season of the year." Well, we have a change—a powerful rain—several days of cloudy weather—and it is quite cool—are you satisfied now? "What weather! need mittens and an overcoat—nothing can grow it is so cold—we shall have a frost to kill everything—the ground is so wet it cannot be worked—the seed that has been put in will not come up. We shall have a cold, unfruitful season—it is of no use to try to plant or sow, for we shall raise nothing—we do not wonder that people are moving away—we must go farther south where the weather is warmer, or we shall starve." And these ungrateful and distrustful straights are continued throughout the season, let what will come. These wiseacres see a thousand things to lament—a thousand things to ruin the crops, and bring starvation upon the people. It is nothing to them that they are so generally in error—that, despite all their grumbling, the well-directed labors of the husbandman have generally been rewarded by bountiful harvests—their senseless complaints are still made against every thing which is beyond their comprehension. And who are these grumblers? Perhaps we have all seen them. They are men without reflection—without true pity—whatever may be their professions or pretensions. We have not the least reason to distrust the unfailing wisdom and goodness which are displayed in the natural world.

Let us look to the past. From the creation, the various vicissitudes of day and night, and summer and winter, and seed time and harvest, have taken place without failure or real imperfection; and while the earth remains we are assured that these necessary and beneficial changes shall continue.

Rains and dews have been sent upon the just and upon the unjust—the earth has yielded her increase, and the prudent and industrious have been blessed with food and plenty from her store. How few the unfruitful seasons compared with the fruitful! How limited the extent and duration of the severest famines! How much more human suffering can be traced to idleness, ignorance and crime, than can be traced to unavoidable natural evils! Providence has ever been better to man than he has been to himself or his brother man.

One fact may be noticed. There are many thousand and different plants which cover the earth—there are innumerable insects and animals constantly feeding upon them—they are exposed to all the changes of heat and cold, dry and wet, summer and winter, about which some are always complaining—and yet, notwithstanding all this, there is a just balance maintained, and we do not know that a single species in the vegetable world has been lost since the creation! That wisdom which has preserved the plants which clothe the earth, and that power which causes them to spring up and increase, still presides over the affairs of the world, and we have no reason for apprehension and distrust when we are in the way of our duty.

How many seasons, within the remembrance of the oldest inhabitants now living, can be pointed out, during which good crops of some kind or other have not been or could not have been raised in this State, by judicious and skillful management? We may venture to say that there have been but very few, if indeed any such seasons. We cannot reasonably expect an extraordinary yield of all kinds of produce every year. When we have a great yield of corn, grain may not do so well; and when we have an abundance of potatoes, our hay, or some other crop, may fail short. One season may favor one crop, and the next another, and we have no reason to complain of this.

For twenty-five years past, we may say that every season good crops of some kind have been raised, when put on suitable soil, with the proper cultivation; while, at the same time, other crops have been cut off. And we may expect that it will be so again for the future. In time past industry and skill have held true for time to come. But never have peevish complaints and forebodings of future evils averted famine, or showed a becoming spirit in view of Divine blessings. It is wrong for us to indulge in any language or thought which show ingratitude or distrust toward the great Source of all good—the Giver of every good and perfect gift. The most that we should say of those dispensations of His Providence which are dark to us, is that we cannot understand them—but do not let us suppose for even a moment, that any of them are intended to work absolute evil in his creation. Then away with this miserable and worse than useless croaking and complaining about the weather, the seasons, and the crops.

But those who have hitherto done so much of this unreasonable and useless complaining, may not be under the necessity of breaking it all off at once, without having a *substitute* for the exercise of their complaining faculties, a few additional hints may open a field which they may improve full as much to their own profit and the edification of their neighbors.

Now we know that crops often turn out poorly.—There must be a cause for this. And in case of failure there may be just reason to complain. We shall not probably find the weather or the season at fault; if at all, so often as many seem to suppose. Crops are more frequently injured or ruined for want of

suitable fences—they are overrun with weeds—the right kind of seed is not used, or it is not planted or sowed at the proper time—the land is not properly cultivated or dressed—the crop is not adapted to the soil, or the soil to the crop—the land may have been exhausted by injudicious cropping, or the proper rotation may not have been observed—the crop may not be suited to the climate or situation—or it may not be properly secured in harvesting. We may attribute most failures to some of these causes. These things may be remedied—here complaints may do good. Let the farmer who is disappointed in his crop ascertain the true cause of the failure, and then let him complain, earnestly and loudly, to him whose business it was to avoid these errors, and to let him know that he has assurance that it will not trouble any one else about it, or go far from home to do it, nor let him until he has assurance that he will be paid for his trouble.

**Another attempt to set Fire!!!** On Wednesday night, at ten o'clock, another attempt was made to get up a conflagration in this city. It was made in the lane just west of Chestnut St., near the Mutual Stables. Capt. Cobb, who lives on the premises, was aroused by his wife, (she hearing some suspicious sounds) and on his turning out, saw two men running up the lane, toward the Stone Church. Fearing fire, on looking around, he found between two buildings 12 to 18 inches apart, a lot of shavings just kindling! The facilities for an extensive conflagration, in that neighborhood, are great, and the flocks had availed themselves of the circumstance, to thrust in their combustibles. The most skeptical, on examining the premises, will acknowledge that it was a real case. [Portland Argus.]

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Since then Mr. Whitten has been to Boston and has just returned, and we are happy to hear there was an insurance of \$3,000, which, however, will not cover all the loss.—[Kennebec Journal.]

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**Fire at Hampden.**—*Destruction of Messrs. Norton & Co's Paper Mill, and five dwelling houses.*—A fire broke out on Sunday of last week, about 2 o'clock P. M., in the large paper manufacturing establishment owned by Paul DeWing, Esq., of Hampden, and Joshua Norton, Jr., of Boston, which, together with the dwellings used as boarding houses for the hands employed in the mill, and a large storehouse, were entirely consumed. So rapid was the progress of the flames that nothing was saved from the mill. The furniture, &c., of the dwellings, were mostly saved. The loss is probably upwards of \$20,000; insurance \$10,000. This was a very valuable mill, in complete order, and well stocked. The loss will be severely felt by those connected with the establishment, and the enterprising proprietors will receive the sympathies of their numerous friends.

The mill was formerly owned by A. G. Brown, and was built upon the site of the one destroyed by a fire a few years since, and which was owned by his brother man.

It is with feelings of sorrow that we record the sudden and melancholy death of **George Southwick**, only son of **Jacob Southwick**, Esq., of Vassalboro'. This promising young man was, we understand, a student in Waterville College, and met his untimely death on Saturday last, under the following circumstances. In the afternoon, being at Waterville, and wishing to visit his father's in Vassalboro', some six or eight miles this side of W., and not finding a chance to ride, he went to the river, placed a board across two logs, got upon his raft thus formed, and started for his destination. When at Six-mile Falls, or rips, it is supposed the logs separated and rolled, precipitating him into the water; and when he fell, probably received an injury, or was strangled, as being a good swimmer, he did not reach the shore. Mr. S. had requested a teamster, who went to W. on Saturday, to give his son a ride home on his return, but the man forgot the request, and did not see the young man until after his return, when, on going near the river, he heard his cries for help, and saw him struggling in the current. Being frightened, instead of making instant effort to rescue him, the man ran back to the dwellings for help; and when he returned, accompanied by others, young Southwick had disappeared beneath the surface of the liquid element. He was about sixteen years of age. His body had not been recovered at our last advices.

ED. MR. FARMER.

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**Interesting Discovery.**—Among the letters and papers of Gen. Philip Schuyler, is one in which he speaks of the existence of a box, or camp-chest, left in this city, which contained much valuable correspondence and information relative to events connected with the American Revolution and the History of that period. On the occasion of the late visit of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, the only surviving daughter of Gen. Schuyler, to this city, search was instituted for this long-missing box, and it was luckily found among the lumber and rubbish of some quiet nook, where it had undisturbedly reposed for fifty years. It was removed from its resting place, and sent, on Saturday, to Mr. Hamilton. It undoubtedly contains manuscript treasures of great value, connected with some of those stirring events of the Revolution, in which General Philip Schuyler was a prominent actor.

[Albany Citizen, Wednesday.]

**AMERICAN COIN.**—One of the collateral benefits of the new postage law will be, the exclusion of those inconvenient, non-descript foreigners, called tournepes and ninepences; and the introduction, in their places, of those pretty and convenient little dimes, dimes and half-dimes. It has always seemed to us passing strange, that when we had the most simple and convenient national currency in the world that so much of our small coin must be foreign; and that our shop keepers and others must buy and sell with foreign pieces, as shillings, sixpences, &c.; and that our National Government must keep up this anti-American system, by their Post Office charges. Who, for instance, could pay an 18 3/4 cents letter with American coin, or a 1 1/2 cent newspaper?—[Boston Traveller.]

Drowned.—Nathan Downing, aged 21 years, a native of Auburn, Me., was drowned in West Cambridge, on Sunday. He was in the employ of Mr. J. H. Hutchinson.

### More attempts to burn the City!

A bold and dastardly attempt was made last evening, at nine o'clock, to set fire to our office—some scoundrels entered the yard on Market street, and at a narrow place under the corner of the office, deposited a quantity of combustibles, and set them on fire. The combustibles were overlaid with chips, and the flames blazed up to the counting room window, before we discovered it. Our men were at work in the office, and several gentlemen were in the counting room all the evening—and yet this cold-blooded villain set this fire almost under our eyes!

There is no mistake in this attempt, as the materials were carefully arranged for a fire! Our citizens must not relax their vigilance. There is a design to produce an extensive conflagration! It must be guarded against.

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ED. MR. FARMER.

**Fire at Hampden.**—*Destruction of Mess*



## The Muse.

From the Dollar Newspaper.

### How Beautiful is Thought.

By MRS. H. LIGHTHILL.

How beautiful is thought!  
E'en as it comes from the heart's warm depths,  
Or soars exulting from the glowing mind;  
No bird that long in prison bars confined,  
More gladly on the blue air roaneth free;  
No gale propitious o'er the bright isles borne,  
E'er wafts more gen'ly o'er the quiet sea;  
Than doth the impatient thought, that glorieth to be.

It searcheth to the Heavens—

That seem in the arch of blue;  
It revels in the glorious ruddy light;  
The bright sun giveth for the ev'ning's dower;  
Then doth it walk along the orange host;  
The many worlds that giveth the midnight hour;  
And owns the God of truth, in plenitude of power.

It listens to the winds,

And over flows the mountain glances over,  
Catching the echo of the forest man,  
And on the sand, the giddy sea wave's tone;  
Watching the ship beneath proud man's decree;  
Then 'mid the foamy creatures, all at play,  
It searches for gay shells and coral tree,  
And findeth beauty in the deep, deep sea.

Back, when in earlist time,

The king first lorded o'er his fellow man,  
And warning hoar met host with clashing steel,  
And Art did erst her noble gifts reveal,  
Counting the treasures from each volume brought,  
It swathed lofy Mind's pre-eminence;  
And, while all earth with poets is fraught,

It feels and knows the truth—how beautiful is thought!

### The Story Teller.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

### The Left-Hand Glove; Or, Circumstantial Evidence.

A THRILLING TALE.

On the summit of a hill near Muhlbach, a small town of Rhenish Prussia, there is a chapel dedicated to St. Joseph. Being a place of pilgrimage, this chapel is on festival days visited by many of the inhabitants of the surrounding country; but on the other days of the year it seldom happens that the sound of a human foot-step disturbs the sacred solitude.

Very early on the morning of the 19th July, 1818, a peasant proceeding to work, was wending his way along a narrow path at the foot of the hill. His dog was running before him.— Suddenly the animal stopped short, and in another moment darted off rapidly in the direction of the chapel. The dog soon returned to his master, howling pitifully, and betraying unequivocal signs of terror. The peasant quickened his pace and turned directly into the path leading to the chapel. On coming within sight of the portal of the little edifice, he was horror struck to behold, stretched on the steps, the lifeless body of a young man.

The terrified peasant hurried to the neighboring village with tidings of what he had seen. The news spread with the swiftness of lightning, and in a very short space of time the magistrate of the district, accompanied by the village doctor and schoolmaster, and followed by a crowd of country people, were ascending the hill in the direction of the chapel.

The body was found on the spot and in the position described by the peasant. It was the corpse of a very handsome young man; part of the clothing, viz., the coat and waistcoat, had been taken off, and beneath the shirt there was found a piece of cloth of a bright red color, apparently the fragment of a shawl.— The piece of cloth was laid in several folds over the region of the heart. It was fastened by a band of fine lawn or cambric which was rolled round the body, and the whole was firmly fixed by a mass of congealed blood.— On a careful removal of these bandages, there was discovered a deep wound, which had divided the carotid artery. The deceased wore light colored pantaloons, boots with spurs, and on one of his fingers was a massive gold-signet ring. The ground around the spot where the body lay exhibited no trace of any struggle; but prints of footsteps, partially obliterated, were perceptible. These marks were traced to a neighboring wood, and in the direction of an eminence which towered above the trees, whose summit was crowned by the ruins of the old castle of Ottenberg—a place which the neighboring country people believed was haunted.

Whilst the doctor and others were engaged in examining the body, some of the rustic crowd mustered courage to trace the foot-prints, which apparently led to the ruined castle—their superstitious fears being doubtless lulled by the conviction that ghosts are not prone to wander in the bright sunshine of a July morning. One of the party was soon seen running back to the chapel in breathless haste, announcing that the scene of the crime was discovered. The magistrate proceeded to the ruins of the castle, and what he saw, left no room to doubt that the murder had actually been committed there. The floor of the spacious area (once the banqueting hall of the castle) was stained with blood. The walls, the table, and the seats, also presented similar stains. On the table were the remains of a repast which had evidently been partaken of at no distant date, for there were fragments of bread and fruit, and a broken bottle in which some wine still remained.

On further examination, deep prints of foot-steps were perceived leading from the ruins of Ottenberg to the high road of Beking, in a direction quite opposite to that of the chapel. A little farther on in the same track, was found a piece of red cloth; and on comparison it was ascertained to belong to the same traveler who slept in his house on the night of the 15th of July, and who left early on the following morning. He knew neither the name nor the condition of the stranger, nor had he heard from whence he came, or whether he was going. The innkeeper observed that he had a gold watch and chain, a red morocco pocket-book, and a green silk purse; moreover, that he wore two rings, one of which he had recognized on the dead body.

The active inquiry now set on foot brought to the knowledge of the magistrate various circumstances worthy of attention. A country girl deposed that, whilst she was here last summer from Berlin, was the reply.

"I lost no time," added Schelnitz, "in writing to the Pastor Gæben, and he called on me accompanied by his daughter Caroline. They were very uneasy lest the discovery of the glove, a circumstance in itself so trivial, should place them in an unpleasant position. I tried to dispel their apprehensions, and begged the young lady to tell me candidly how the glove came into her possession.

"She informed me that a young widow lady, Madame Weltheim, a resident of Berlin, had some time ago been on a visit to Baron Schonwald at his castle near Muhlbach. Caroline, who was a good musician, frequently went to the castle to sing and accompany the lady on the pianoforte. When Madame Weltheim was about to leave the castle, Caroline assisted the *femme de chambre* to pack up. In a small box filled with ribbons, flowers, and other trifles the glove was found. Being an odd one, the lady's maid threw it on the ground as useless. Caroline, admiring the small size and elegant form of the glove, picked it up and said she would keep it as a memorial of Madame Weltheim. I am fully convinced," pursued Schelnitz, "that all the young lady has stated is strictly true.

"You remember the letter written in French which was found among your brother's effects. Its signature was the letter C. Now I am informed that Madame Weltheim's *femme de chambre* was a French girl, and that her name was Cecile. You will, no doubt, be struck with this coincidence. Cecile is described as tall and slender; Caroline Gæben is, on the contrary, of short stature. All that I can learn of Madame Weltheim is, that she is a lady of good family, and moves in the best society of Berlin."

"In the name of Heaven, madam, be calm. Tears cannot recall the dead to life—from me you have nothing to fear—I will be silent—silently as the grave!"

These witnesses described the lady to have had a light-colored parasol, a straw bonnet trimmed with flowers and a green silk dress. Ferdinand Von Bergfeldt now entertained no doubt that the investigation would speedily lead to a satisfactory result. In a letter, which he addressed to the magistrate of Muhlbach, he said:

"We shall soon unravel the truth. When he had finished reading the letter, that Schelnitz should attach so much importance to coincidences which seem to me the mere result of chance. He went out to call on Count Hohenrath, with the intention of communicating to him what he had learned. The count was from home, but the countess, who had just arrived from the country, received him with great kindness. She was full of curiosity respecting the murder, and pressed Ferdinand to inform her of all the particulars.

With the view of solving this question, the glove was transmitted to an experienced agent,

who had orders to spare no exertion for the elucidation of the fact.

At this juncture an unexpected circumstance intervened. A festival day was at hand, and in preparation for it the chapel of St. Joseph was swept an cleaned. The box destined for receiving donations for the poor was opened; within it was found a green silk purse, containing a considerable sum in gold and silver, together with a slip of paper, on which were written the following words:—

"Give the dead man Christian burial, and Heaven will reward you!" It will be recollected that the innkeeper had seen a green silk purse in the hand of the stranger who had slept night in his house. He was shown the purse found in the poor box, and he identified it as the same.

Meanwhile, Ferdinand Von Bergfeldt received letters from Silesia, acquainting him with his father's sudden death. He hurried home without delay; he was aware that in the event of his brother Edward's death being proved it would be necessary that he should go immediately to Berlin to obtain the requisite authority for entering into possession of his inheritance. In this matter he counted on the support of his sister-in-law; as the widow would be entitled to an annuity much more considerable than the sum she had received as alimony since her separation from her husband.

Ferdinand Von Bergfeldt was not on friendly terms with the family of his brother's wife. Some overtures for effecting a reconciliation between the husband and wife had been obstinately opposed by the father of the lady, General Count Hohenrath. The circumstance, in no slight degree, wounded the pride of the Bergfeldts.

On the 20th of June, 1819, Ferdinand arrived in Berlin, and he lost no time in visiting General Hohenrath, by whom he was not received in a very cordial manner. Edward's widow, Charlotte Von Bergfeldt, was from home. Whilst Ferdinand was relating to the general all that he had learned respecting his brother's death a carriage stopped at the door, and in a few moments Charlotte entered the drawing-room. At sight of Ferdinand, who advanced to meet her with respectful interest, she turned deadly pale, staggered, and seemed on the point of falling, but as if by a sudden effort recovering her self-possession she curtied and withdrew. Ferdinand was vexed at this behavior, which he regarded as an unequivocal sign of animosity, and after a little further conversation with the general he took his leave.

He subsequently saw Charlotte several times, and though she did not seek to avoid him yet she behaved with coolness and reserve. Though she had just grounds for complaint against her husband, yet she rendered the due tribute of regret for his sudden and unfortunate death. About the end of August, Ferdinand received a letter from Schelnitz, which was in substance as follows:—

"I have some particulars to communicate which appear to me to be of the utmost importance, and to which I beg your attention. In the first place I have to inform you that we have found the *left-hand glove*. The name Heinrich Finacke is legibly written in the inside. It is supposed to be the name of the manufacturer, and we have taken measures for ascertaining this fact. The glove was discovered in the following manner: In the course of his investigations, the police agent, who had possession of the *right-hand glove*, showed it to a milliner of Muhlbach named Mademoiselle Enkel. A lady named Rauner, who was a customer of the milliner, happened to see the glove, and examined it attentively. This lady knew that I was investigating the affair of the murder at Ottenberg. Three days afterwards, Mad. Rauner called on me and presented to me the *left-hand glove*. This lady is an intimate friend of the family of the Protestant Pastor Gæben. She related to me that, one day whilst she was visiting the daughters of that clergyman, a discussion arose on some point of dress, and one of the young ladies having opened a drawer to search for something, accidentally drew out a glove, which fell at the feet of Madame Rauner. On picking it up, she perceived something written in the inside, and she mechanically read the name Heinrich Finacke."

"Do you happen to know the daughter of the Pastor Gæben who lives in the neighborhood of the castle?"

"He has several daughters."

"I mean the second daughter: Caroline, I think, is her name."

"Yes, I know her. She is a charming girl, and a great favorite of mine."

"I have just learned that she is implicated in a serious way in the horrible affair which we are investigating. The police has discovered—"

"What! What has been discovered?" exclaimed Charlotte, her eyes staring wildly, and her cheeks turning pale. "Can it be possible! Poor Caroline! She is innocent—quite innocent! I will go immediately to Muhlbach—I must save her!"

She sank back on the sofa, apparently in a state of unconsciousness. The countess rang the bell violently, and, the servants having come to her assistance, Ferdinand hurriedly rushed down stairs, and left the house.

"The mystery is revealed," thought he.— "Charlotte undertakes to prove the innocence of Caroline! This is equivalent to admitting that she knows the author of the crime! Discovery is now at hand. I need not stay longer in Berlin."

He was about to order post-horses for the purpose of departing, but in the course of the afternoon, a note was delivered to him. It was from Charlotte who wished to have a private conversation with him.

"Where his body was found, I believe," said the lady.

"Yes, madam, his ashes repose in the little village churchyard, not far from Muhlbach."

"Muhlbach!" exclaimed the countess.— "Oh, what would have been poor Charlotte's feelings had she known that. She was not far from Muhlbach at the time."

"How, madam! Was my sister-in-law near Muhlbach?"

"She was passing some time at the castle of Baron Schonwald, which is only a few leagues from Muhlbach. Don't you know Baron Schonwald? He is a very pleasant man; only so exceedingly fond of hunting.— And the baroness—she is quite an oddity! In her youth she was one of the maids of honor to the electress! There was no king of Saxony in those days. But every thing is changed now; and as I was observing a day or two ago to my friend Madame Schlichiegroll, I don't know what we have gained by all these changes!"

In this way the loquacious old lady gossiped for some time, unheeded by Ferdinand, who was absorbed in profound reflection.

"How!" thought he to himself; "Charlotte so near the scene of the crime, and we not now know it! She and her father have been silent on a fact of which they ought to have apprised me the very first moment I was in their company!"

He took leave of the countess, and returned in a very pensive mood to his hotel. He once more read the letter of Schelnitz, and pondered on every line of it. Another initial C. had now come to light. Was it the one they were in quest of? Could the accusatory glove belong to Charlotte? Had she assumed the character of a widow with the false name of Madame Weltheim? These and a thousand other perplexing thoughts and suspicions haunted the mind of Ferdinand throughout the night.

Next morning he again repaired to the hotel of Count Hohenrath. He found the countess and her daughter together in the drawing-room. The conversation naturally turned on the legal inquiries which were going on for the verification of his brother's death. Charlotte at first betrayed no sign of embarrassment or uneasiness.

"I believe, madam," said Ferdinand, "you are acquainted with the family of Baron Schonwald, who reside near Muhlbach?"

"I have some slight acquaintance with them," replied Madame Von Bergfeldt.

"Do you happen to know the daughter of the Pastor Gæben who lives in the neighborhood of the castle?"

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[Conclusion next week.]

PORTRAIT PAINTING. Mr. Willis of the New York Mirror, thus sketches the American people en masse.

"We are a nation of flat chests and round backs, cramped gait and pale faces. Our brains and stomachs are overworked, and the other limbs and organs are neither trained, nor called upon, to contribute strength to the system. The consequence is, we are inferior to most nations in manly beauty."

But, at the same time we are the most painstaking and expensive of nations in our attention to the exterior. Broadway is full of young men who are half ruined by their extravagance and vice. They are half ruined by their want of self-control, and are half ruined by their want of self-respect.

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She sank back on the sofa, apparently in a state of unconsciousness. The countess rang the bell violently, and, the servants having come to her assistance, Ferdinand hurriedly rushed down stairs, and left the house.

"The mystery is revealed," thought he.— "Charlotte undertakes to prove the innocence of Caroline! This is equivalent to admitting that she knows the author of the crime! Discovery is now at hand. I need not stay longer in Berlin."

He was about to order post-horses for the purpose of departing, but in the course of the afternoon, a note was delivered to him. It was from Charlotte who wished to have a private conversation with him.

[Conclusion next week.]

ANTQUES. The Parisians are up "to tricks" that throw quite into the shade the "cutest" operations of a Connecticut "wooden nutmeg" or "horn flint" manufacturer. They manufacture antiques of every description for the Italian, Grecian and English market. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, states that almost all the articles of this description sold in Italy and Greece, are manufactured in Paris. An ancient vase is made by soaking it in a salt of iron till it is quite yellow, and knocking off one of the handles. A virtuous woman, who had been a customer of this establishment, was greatly pleased with the article, and said it was a perfect specimen of antique art.

"The Croup." The formidable disease may be cured by N. H. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir. We speak confidentially. Read the following certificate, first published in the New York papers, from Alderman Morton, of 125 Water Street.

"New York, 7th Nov., 1844.

Mrs. Curtis & Smith.—At the request of your agent, I give you the result of a trial of Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir. About one year since I had five different attacks of Bleeding or Hemorrhage of the Lungs, and was much reduced and confined to my bed for nine months, since then I had without cessation a severe cough and general debility, trying about every medicine of any kind, and always with little or no relief. I then commenced the use of Down's Elixir, and have no hesitation in saying, that to my cough and soreness of lungs, it has proved a great benefit, and has been of essential service to me in restoring my health.

Yours respectfully,

PETER MORTON.

Coughs and Colds. At this season of colds and coughs, be sure to remember that in nine cases of ten, you may find relief in a few hours, or, if severe and obstinate, in a few days, by the use of N. H. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir, the best remedy ever invented for diseases that affect the lungs and pulmonary organs.

Asthma. We believe it to be a generally acknowledged fact, wherever the medicine is known, that N. H. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir gives greater relief in this distressing malady—in more instances effects a perfect cure, than any other medicine ever invented.

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